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bread; weighing against my own desires the averted wretchedness, the mitigated pain, of those to whom the suspension of the means of labour is the suspension of the means of subsistence, I could not but determine that *my* superfluities were the patrimony of the poor.

"I beg, therefore, that you will apply the £.100 inclosed to the service of the Hospital.

"I hope I shall be excused for troubling you with my private feelings, but I thought that such an expression of them might lead other gentlemen to consider if they could not diminish their own luxuries to add to the essential comforts of their fellow men.

"Your obedient servant,

Homo."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN BY THE LATE ALEX.

H. HALIDAY, M.D. ON THE CELEBRATED HUSSEY BURGH, THEN DYING OF AN INFECTIOUS FEVER CAUGHT UPON CIRCUIT, IN WHICH HE WENT AS JUDGE, IN THE YEAR ****. *Died at Armagh, September 30th...Midnight.*

THUS to my heart the Soul of Nature spoke,
While Death suspends th' inevitable stroke;
"Reason's fix'd light, imagination's flame,
I lend to Man, and when I list, reclaim;
Behold and tremble; on yon lowly bed
Numbered not yet, among the illustrious dead,
Hussey, whose breast their brightest beams illum'd,
In rayless mental night, to languish doom'd.
That awful scene contemplate; when the sigh
Heaves, and the drops of anguish dew the eye,
Oh, think! how soon in darkness quench'd may be
The feeble glimm'rings which are lent to thee;
There look ye, proud of genius; weep and own
You shine, like moons, with borrowed rays alone;
There her chief boast, to teach this lesson lies.

Detained, a few sad moments, from the skies:

Nor to the last from his loved duty swerves,
He lived to bless mankind, and dying serves;

He lived to bless: all else shall fade away,
Goodness can't perish, nor true worth decay.
What tho' his honour'd partners in those hours

When mirth's fresh streams revive Man's fainting powers,

Wondered at wit which only flowed to please,

And wisdom in the graceful garb of ease;
Tho' fancy's favourites with delighted eyes,
Saw from his pencil new creations rise,
Or pour'd, enchanted by his magic lays,
The swelling tide of unregarded praise;
Tho' list'ning senates on his tuneful tongue
For Freedom pleading, in mute rapture hung,

Astonished by the splendour of his parts,
'Till the soft pathos waked to woe their hearts.

Tho' all rever'd the guardian of the laws,
Mild e'en to vice, yet warm in virtue's cause,

While dignity with elegance combined,
Expressed each beauty and each grace of mind—

He lies insensate! Let him now depart,
Touch, touch him, Death! yet gently, with thy dart;

Thy prey I give thee, that the spirit, freed
From chains and darkness, may receive its need;

What erst was *lent* from Heav'n shall be his own,

To full perfection, with his virtues, grown."